

ght together in Paris.

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Don't growl at this world until you are  
of a better one.—*Table Talk.*



## THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

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The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and

WEATHERY UNION are the only papers on the

Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive

the full Associated Press dispatches from all

parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,

they have no competitors either in influence or

State and general circulation throughout the

State.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Rain in Northern California; fair

weather in southern portion; nearly stationary

temperature in southern; slightly warmer in

northern.

Oregon and Washington—Rain and snow;

southerly winds—rains to high on the coast;

warmer.

Storm signals ordered north of the Columbia.

"What is secret is always suspected; what

open can be judged," is the epigrammatic

way in which President Harrison justifies

making the eligible list in the civil service

bill. There does not appear to be any

substantial reason for keeping the names of

the eligibles from the public.

INDIVIDUALITY is a good thing in itself,

and is, as a rule, the index to firmness of

character. But when it retains all its in-

tensity in marriage or in the domestic

parties to the union must become slavish,

if peace is preserved. Rose Terry Cooke

quies aptly in her recent essay:

"Love was given. Acknowledged, sanctified, chiefly to this end—

that self might be sanctified."

The general judgment of those competent

to criticize by reason of long observation,

is that the life-saving station and crew at

Ocean Beach, San Francisco, is

chiefly valuable as a fair weather ornament.

Mr. Sutor, after recounting the

failures of the crew to do duty, quotes

against the well-known epigram of

John Phenix: "They are invincible in

peace and invincible in war."

ATTACHES of the Hydrographic Office

have given currency to the theory that the

Gulf-stream is hugging the Atlantic shore

more closely than ever before, and there-

fore the mildness and unusual warmth of

last and the present month upon the At-

lantic seaboard, are to be reasonably ac-

counted for. This is logical; hugging, as

a promoter of warmth and gentleness, is

neither new nor surprising, and it accords

with all human experience.

"THE most thorough preparations have

been made to put down any outbreak

should the King die," says a dispatch from

Madrid. Of such is monarchy. Suppose

the chief magistrate of the American re-

public lay dying, would any one think it

necessary to make "preparations" to put

down an "outbreak" on the part of the

people? Certainly not, for with us the President

represents the people only, and is not the

representative of a ruling class.

Nor long before his death M. Augier,

the Academician, exclaimed: "What a

fine thing old age is; one is surrounded

with care, attention and respect. What

a pity that it lasts so short a time!"

Had M. Augier lived in America and been

an observer of our system, he might not

have made that remark. For he would

have discovered that with us old age does

not command that respect, care or atten-

tion from our youth, which distinguishes

many of the social systems of Europe.

AS FAR back as 1857 Captain Ericsson

established his claim in court to the honor

of having fitted the screw propeller to

American vessels. He put the first prop-

eller into an American war ship, the

Princeton, and now, after all these years,

a bill is being Congress, backed by Senator

Chandler, to pay the Captain's heirs some

\$14,000 for money actually expended in

that work, expenses which the nation has

devoted to it by him. There seems to be

no dispute about the justice of the claim.

But it is not a sad commentary on the

systems which governments do business,

that justice was not done Ericsson in

his lifetime, in this matter?

PROFESSOR ELIUS THOMSON has a

paper in the Electrical Age, in which he

says that some people die because of their

having blown out the gas, and says: "Shall

we therefore condemn gas burners?" The

Professor is not sound in his reasoning.

If a man does not have intelligence suffi-

cient to get off of a railway track when a

train approaches, and is consequently run

over and killed, it is no reason for con-

demning railways. There is a very broad

distinction between dangers of which we

know and may avoid, and those of which

we do not know and cannot avoid. Thus,

no man can tell just when and where a

"live wire" may fall or cross another, and

therefore no man can tell when and where

he is in danger from a "live wire." Hence

the necessity for requiring electrical wires

of all kinds to be well put up, and that

all other securities against accident in the

use of the electrical current, reasonably

necessary, shall be adopted.

THERE appears to be good reason to be-

lieve that cholera has had a revival in

Russia, and that the recent massacre in

Siberia has given the revival greater vigor.

We do think, from all we can learn from

the more intelligent correspondents from

Russia, that there is likelihood of a gen-

eral revolution, or, in other words, that

will at present endanger the throne of the

Czar. As a recent writer on the subject

of tottering thrones has said, that of the

Czar is safe so long as the Russian peasant

believes the Czar is his "little father."

But that there is about to be entered upon

an era of distrust and dynamite poli-

tics, cannot be doubted by any who read

and reason. The Internationals are ac-

tively at work, and they have to-day a

more compact organization than any

## THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

(Translated from the French of Jules Lemaitre,

for the SUNDAY UNION, by Mrs. N. E. White.)

"Tell me again, Suzon, how beautiful it

is at the Midnight Mass. Begin again,

Suzon."

It was Christmas Eve. The parents of

little Pierrot had just returned from the

fields. The mother was busy with the even-

ing milking, the father was putting away

his tools in the barn, and Pierrot, while

waiting for the supper to be prepared, was

seated on his little stool in the corner near

the large fireplace in the kitchen, gazing

rapturously into the face of his sister

Suzon.

He stretched forth his tiny hands to the

bright and crackling flame, which lent a

golden gleam to both hands and face, while

his hair gleamed and glistened like gold

in the dancing firelight. Suzon sat gravely

knitting a stocking of coarse blue wool,

while before her, on the cherry log fire, the

kettle was gently singing, the fire from

time to time leaping up, and the air was

filled with the warm, spicy odor of the

savoring of the evening meal.

"Tell me again, Suzon, how beautiful it

is at the Midnight Mass," pleaded the

child.

"Oh," said Suzon, "there are candles

and candles, so many that it seems like

Paradise. And then the choir sings such

lovely hymns! And then there is the

image of the Infant Jesus, dressed in such

pretty clothes—oh! so pretty!—and lying

upon the straw in the manger; and the

Virgin Mary in a robe of blue, and St.

Joseph in a red mantle, with his plane;

then the shepherds with flocks of sheep.

There are also the animals which warmed

the Babe with their breath, and the ox and

donkey with their long beards, and the

Babe for his blessing. And there are

angels, too, who bring stars to the Heav-

enly Child. Oh! it is grand!"

"I want to go to the Midnight Mass be-

fore the Midnight Mass, and perhaps believe

that she had seen all these things. Pierrot

listened entranced, and when she had

finished said with a decided air:

"I will go to the Midnight Mass."

"You are too small," replied his mother,

who came in at that moment with her

foaming pail. "You shall go when you

are large as Suzon." "I will go!" said

Pierrot frowning.

"But, my dear little boy," said the mother

soothingly, "the church is too far, and it

snows outside. If you are good and sleep

well, you will not be cold. And when you

wake up, I will be there to take you to

without leaving your bed, in the White

Chapel of dreamland."

"I will go!" repeated Pierrot, clenching

his tiny fists. "I will go!"

Who says "I will!" demand a rough

voice.

It was his father who spoke, so Pierrot

discreetly held his tongue. He was a very

little, thin, pale child, with a serious

look, and he was always obedient to what

he thought to be the best plan to obey when

one cannot do otherwise.

The family sat down to supper. Pierrot

listened to his mother, but his mind was

not with the food. "Suzon, go put your

brother to bed," said the busy housewife

when the feast was over.

The room into which Suzon took Pierrot

was a small room, and it was a bureau

with marble top. On the wall was framed

a picture of the Virgin and Child, and

on the bureau were a box of needles, a

box of thread, and a box of buttons. On

the wall were two pictures of the Virgin

and Child, and a picture of the Virgin

and Child. On the wall were two pic-

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